

Julia of Avon

By Henry Tyrrell

"But then there was a star danced, and under that I was born."—*Beatrice*, "Much Ado About Nothing."

JULIA MARLOWE emerged blithely from the Forest of Arden—via the stage door of the Manhattan Opera House, New York, where she had been rehearsing with Mr. Sothern the brave Shakespearian repertoire to which these classic American players will devote the season: "Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Is there any other actor, actress, or combination on the English-speaking stage to-day that could put in a whole season of these plays at popular prices to large and joyous audiences in many cities, whose loyalty to the legitimate drama and its accepted interpreters makes the annual Sothern-Marlowe tour something like a continuous home-coming? Verily, it is an oasis in the dramatic desert. "Home," in fact, is the first word on Miss Marlowe's lips, as, plainly dressed and unrecognized by the *matinée* crowd, she comes away from an arduous all-day rehearsal.

"I have been on the stage since I was a child, and I have always had a home, because I have carried it about with me"

"Home is best," she says, with Rosalind's own smile lighting up the winsome, dark-eyed face, which somehow has a strangely Elizabethan cut, as though it really belonged to the "spacious" times of Shakespeare and Kit Marlowe himself.

"And where, Miss Marlowe, do you locate 'home'? Where the heart is?"

"Something like that," she laughed. "I suppose it is like the coast of Bohemia, or the Forest of Arden—somewhere on the sunny side of the imagination."

I am by nature domestic and home-loving. I have been on the stage since I was a child, and I have always had a home, because I have carried it about with me—packed it in trunks, set it up in

hotel rooms in the Far West, and more than once taken it across the seas. In fact, that is what we—Mr. Sothern and myself—have been doing all this past summer. We have had a country house in the heart of Shakespeare's England."

"That Forest of Arden you mentioned?"

"Yes, precisely that. It is in Warwickshire, near Stratford-on-Avon."



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Within the range of a morning's walk are Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, and the rural village home of Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden. These are certainly localities that Shakespeare put in his plays, especially in the comedies, which contain his most

for it doesn't rain in 'As You Like It,' you know. There may be lions and other anachronisms roaming about the woods of Arden, but at least the dramatis personæ keep dry. If Rosalind and Celia and Orlando and Touchstone had to go about all the time in gum-shoes and rain-coats and carrying umbrellas, I don't think there would be as much fun in their picnics as there is, do you?"

"That is a new idea—but of course there wouldn't be. Why not try some place in this part of the world, on your next idyllic vacation?"

"We are planning to do just that. No more English manor houses for us. In fact, Mr. Sothern and I have already picked out our garden-spot on the north shore of Long Island; and if we ever retire from the stage and substitute realities for make-believe, there is where we expect to settle down and live under the green-wood tree."

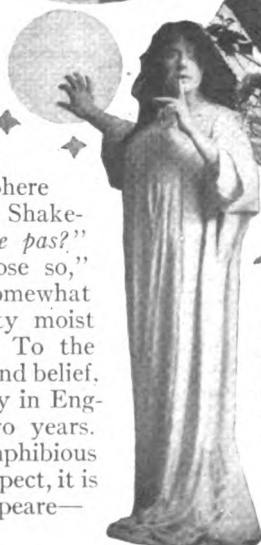
"In the meantime—?"

"In the meantime, Central Park and Riverside Drive make perfectly

intimate personal writing, as one might say. Outwardly, they can't have changed a particle since the young actor-manager-playwright poached deer and picked mulberries and fraternized with the strolling players from London."

"The ideal atmosphere for getting up your Shakespearean rôles, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Um—yes, I suppose so," answered Rosalind, somewhat dubiously. "A mighty moist atmosphere, though. To the best of my knowledge and belief, it has rained every day in England for the past two years. Life is positively amphibious over there. In that respect, it is away off from Shakespeare—



The outdoor photographs are the most recent ones taken of "Julia of Avon." They were taken in Central Park, New York



satisfactory substitutes.

I have walked and picked daisies there these many springs past."

Miss Marlowe looks surprisingly slim and youthful, when we re-

member that she played Parthenia as long ago as— Oh, well, what's the use of digging up dates on one who makes us forget time! Anyway, there is no apparent trace of the illness or near-breakdown which caused anxiety at the close of last season.

Her voice seems at its best—that dulcet golden tone which makes melody of our English blank verse, just as Bernhardt's does of the classic French alexandrines. Voice and personal beauty constitute two-thirds of genius in an actress. The other third is witchery or charm. Just what witchery or charm is, it would stagger us to define in explicit terms—but Julia Marlowe has it. For any apt comparison with her in a rôle like Juliet, for instance, you will find old-timers harking away back to Adelaide Neilson. There is that same remote, Old-World suggestion, that subtle whisper of by-gone dreams, of the days of romance and chivalry and belief in fairies—that sudden thrill of the re-awakening of the spirit of poetry, which, with all the materialism of the modern world, is never dead, but only sleeping—or more likely hiding under cover, waiting for pro-

elaborate system of nomadichousekeeping which she has evolved through years of practice. The Sothern-Mar-



lowe company, on tour, seldom plays anything less than week stands. It is possible in most towns to hire in advance a completely furnished house or apartment for the sojourn of the stars.

This is promptly taken possession of by a reliable staff of trained servants, and when Miss Marlowe lands at Ypsilanti or Walla Walla, she can go straight "home" and be comfy.

All this time, bear in mind, the lady star is playing her Juliet, or Portia, or Rosalind, or Ophelia, or mayhap the tragic Lady Macbeth. She enjoys doing it, but it is almost as strenuous as aeronautics.

"However," adds Miss Marlowe radiantly, "I have a new part this season—Beatrice, in 'Much Ado About Nothing.' The excitement of that helps a lot."

pitious times.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, from poetry to prose, from Juliet's balcony to the icebox and the kitchen range, is but a step. Miss Marlowe takes that step with perfectly natural ease and grace, in explaining the

Julia Marlowe is the Shakespearian actress par excellence. She has been Juliet, Portia, Ophelia, Beatrice, Viola, Kate, Rosalind, and Lady Macbeth

